

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

AUGUST, 1919

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SHINTO PILGRIM

An Illustration by

THORNTON OAKLEY

Awarded silver medal Panama-Pacific Exposition

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

VOLUME X AUGUST, 1919 NUMBER 10

JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT

THE history of the past proves that in every great crisis of the world's civilization men of exceptional power are upraised for the preservation of human ideals. They are the prophets, the seers who hold aloft the torch of civilization, who are willing not only to die for humanity but to live, to suffer, to endure every privation that the things of the spirit may not perish.

To this little group of heroic idealists belongs Jean Julien Lemordant, the poet-painter of France. Lover of beauty, searcher after truth in nature, he spent the years of his early manhood on the coast of Brittany, studying in solitude the mysteries of the ocean, of the winds and storms that beat against her rocky shores. Light—color was his passion. All the joy of his young life came to him through his eyes. His canvases of Breton peasants reveal this joy in outward beauty, now forever closed to him. When his works were exhibited in Paris, French critics placed him with their greatest artists. The minister of fine arts, Armand Dayot, writing of his mural decorations in the theater in Rennes, said: "Lovers of beauty will one day make pilgrimages to Brittany in order to see these truly magnificent paintings, paintings which place him with the great Venetian decorators. What science, what strength of technique, what magnificence of color, what dazzling light, what compelling charm in these vast compositions! His strong, luminous brush reveals the impalpable, the baffling, mysterious invisibility of the winds. The chief characteristics of this painter are his worship of light, his love

of nature, and his ability to reproduce motion, life."

August, 1914, found Lemordant crowned with success, happy in his work and beyond the military age for active service. But the liberty of France, of the world, was at stake. Without a moment's hesitation he volunteered as a private and begged to be sent at once to the front that he might participate in the actual struggle, might fight side by side with those heroic youths who were battling for the freedom of his beloved country. "His surrender of himself and of the creative power of his genius to the physical need of his nation is one man's part in that sublime effort of France which has defied the powers of darkness and wrested good out of evil, and by which her triumphant personality, great as have been her sufferings and her sacrifice, will still continue to light the world."

At Charleroi, Lemordant received his first wound and was raised to the rank of Lieutenant. In September he was again wounded and again refused to leave the field of battle. It was during those terrible days when the flower of the French army was being mown down by the German machines and every man was needed. Superhuman strength and courage were required to stem the awful torrent that threatened to engulf Paris. It was such exalted spirits as Lemordant's that achieved "the miracle of the Marne."

In 1915 he was leading his little company against the Germans at Arras when he was struck in the temple by a ball, another entered his side and still another went through his knee. His men implored him

to permit them to carry him to the rear, but with invincible courage he directed them to use their bayonets as splints and bandage his knee so that he might remain on his feet. He felt that he was responsible for the lives of his soldiers; since he had assumed charge of the attack, he could not desert them. Again and again he led the assault, inspiring his men to heroic resistance by his sublime courage. At last blinded, covered with wounds, he fell unconscious, and was left for dead on the field of battle. Four days, four nights he lay in agony amid the dead and dying: then, fate more terrible, he was picked up by the enemy and carried a prisoner to Germany. In spite of the suffering caused by the motion of vehicles and trains, he partially recovered his sight. Even then the horrors of blindness might have been spared him had he received the commonest care, but absolutely nothing was done for him in those awful German prisons. Twice, with his comrades, he endeavored to escape, only to be recaptured and confined in a military fortress. But the Germans could never conquer that indomitable Breton spirit. To the very last he refused to give his word not to attempt to escape, and was finally sent to a reprisal camp where he was found in a dying condition by a visiting physician, who recommended that he be exchanged and returned home through Switzerland.

Victim of German "Kultur," crippled, blinded, Lieutenant Lemordant has come to our country to proclaim anew the things of the spirit, and to protest against that materialism which so nearly wrecked all civilization. An exhibition of his paintings and drawings was shown at Yale University last spring, when he received the Howland prize awarded some years ago to Rupert Brooke, and now to this great French painter. It was later shown in New York in the Gimpel and Wildenstein Galleries. Under the auspices of The American Federation of Arts it is being circulated during the coming season, and will be shown in a number of the leading art museums. In connection with the exhibition already held, Lieutenant Lemordant has given a number of conferences on French art. If his health permits, he will continue these conferences next season. Lemordant

began these art talks in the German prisons. "When I found that I was incurably wounded, that my sight was failing day by day," he says, "I gathered my fellow prisoners about me and began to talk to them of the things of the spirit, of art in all its glorious manifestations. I found that my words gave them courage to endure their sufferings. They used to write my notes for me in very large letters, so that I could refer to them from time to time. One day in the middle of my lecture I found that I could not see them. I held the paper close to my eyes—nothing was distinguishable! I knew then that the end had come—I was blind. The light which had been my life was forever darkened. How could I go on talking when all that was most precious to me had been taken? The little group about me waited in silence. By a mighty effort of the will I controlled myself. I said to myself, 'Moral courage is greater than that required of a soldier in battle. My men need my words, I must go on. When my lecture was finished one of our officers, seeing that I was at the end of my endurance, caught me in his arms and endeavored to console me. Even the German guard was moved to pity and told me that he would intercede, that I should not be sent to the reprisal camp to which I had been condemned for endeavoring to escape. But I refused to accept any mercy from the Germans and insisted on accompanying my faithful comrades, since we had all been condemned for the same fault. The next day we were carried there in such a rough car that I fainted on the way.

"You can imagine, mademoiselle," he continued, "what a time of moral depression I then passed through, the battle that I had to fight in order to accept my blindness. In the midst of this struggle it came to me that I was called upon to do a great work. I could never paint again, but I could tell the world of the glories of art, of its meaning and of its mission. France has been the leader, the educator in art since the days of the renaissance. Never once has its long chain of great artists been broken—think of Houdon, Rude, Barge—all those glorious sculptors who made Rodin possible—of Claude Lorraine, Watteau, Millet, Puvis de Chavannes—who were not



JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

only great artists but great men; men who knew how to suffer, how to sacrifice material success rather than lower their ideals.

"That is what many artists of today have forgotten. Art is too personal, too egotistic. It is no longer an ideal that must

the things of the spirit. It is our artists who must lead us again toward the ideal toward God. They are the shepherds who must guard the temple of beauty for the safety of their sheep. When the shepherds are led astray the sheepfold is endangered.

"The sole reason, mademoiselle, for the



YOUNG WOMAN OF DAULAS

JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

be followed because it can help, can uplift humanity. All the great periods of architecture, the Egyptian, Greek, Gothic, were of and for the people. Look at the Greek temple, the Gothic cathedral. They were the living expression of the people's faith. Their symbols were clear, easy of comprehension. We must bring art into the every day lives of our fellow men. Everything of use can be made beautiful, suited to its purpose. We are too material, we forget

the existence of artists—and I use the word in its broadest sense, meaning musician, poets, painters, all who possess creative genius—is that they may lead the people toward the Infinite. True art is only the outward expression of man's effort to raise himself toward the divine. When art became the plaything of the rich, a personal possession to be used for the aggrandizement of the individual, when artists became interested in material success and made



E DANCE

CEILING OF THE THEATRE OF RENNES

JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

their talents a thing of commerce, art fell from its high estate and became impoverished. The people grew indifferent. No, not in France! There they have never been indifferent. They may be ignorant and prefer a Balzac by Falguière to Rodin's superb masterpiece, but they are always passionately interested. It is only indifference that really kills art; then our progress becomes merely material, as was that of the Germans. They became intoxicated by false ideals and were the victims of their false progress. They used their unworldly intelligence to create engines of destruction, forgetting the things of the spirit and that true progress consists in increasing nobility of soul."

Lemordant believes that it was because a few great artists like Carrière, Sisley, Pizarro, Puvis de Chavannes and Rodin had kept alive the sacred fire of art and inculcated the spirit of sacrifice in the hearts of the serious minded youths of France, of those who "dreamed dreams and saw visions" that in her hour of mortal struggle France was saved.

"Do you know, mademoiselle, how many thousands and thousands of young men, boys from our art schools and universities voluntarily threw themselves into this struggle? With the same passionate enthusiasm with which they had been wont to defend their artistic ideals they fought and died for France, for liberty. But it is



LONGSHOREMEN—PARIS

JEAN JULIEN LEMORDAN

not so hard to die on the battlefield. The difficult thing is to live in misery, to suffer a thousand rebuffs, worst of all, to doubt one's self, yet to struggle on, to hold fast to one's ideals, as have so many of our great artists who refused to barter the things of the spirit for worldly success. Always, in the darkest hours of our history, some strong soul has arisen to rescue France from spiritual and physical annihilation. Nearly all the glorious 'Men of 1830' died in poverty, but art took on a new radiance: Jeanne d'Arc perished on the scaffold, but France was saved: today the youth of our nation lie dead on our battlefields, but liberty has been wrested from the German hordes! It is this consecration to the ideal, this power to sacrifice self to the public good that will save the world. Out of the awful sufferings of this horrible war has come a certain elevation of soul. For the moment we are raised above ourselves, sanctified by suffering. We are willing to still endure for justice, for liberty. There come times in the life of every nation, as in the life of

every man, when people are ready to immolate themselves in the service of humanity. See our society women who have never done any kind of work. Now they are performing the most menial, most repulsive tasks in our hospitals, carried out of themselves by this universal spirit of sacrifice. Before the world is again engulfed by selfishness, before our usual habits of egotism claim us once more, we must call upon our artists, upon all men of good will to fight for art, for beauty, that the people may know life is not all material, that it is the spirit which must prevail or the world ends in chaos!

"It was this thought that sustained me on the field of battle. I told myself *we must conquer* because it was the struggle of all spiritual forces against the powers of darkness—if we failed, brute force would rule the world. We conquered, but our duty did not end with the war. We must fight now for beauty, for the divinity that is within us.

"This is why I have come to America

My friends tell me that I am too ill to undertake this work, but no—this is the moment to speak to our artists, to remind them that they are the guardians of the ideal, the leaders of the people—that they must be willing to suffer, because all great things are born of suffering. Renouncing their individual success, let them create beautiful cities that reflect the lives of those who reside within their walls. Look at our streets, our public buildings, our monuments! We have lost that sense of universal beauty possessed by the Greeks, by the artists of the renaissance. If we wish our epoch to be great then we must bring art back into daily life, make it a universal expression as it was in France when our cathedrals reflected the aspirations—the religious beliefs of our people, a collective art whose symbols were understood and loved because they spoke to the hearts and souls of the humblest. That misleading expression 'Art for Art's sake' has done

only harm. Art is for the people, for the beautifying and uplifting of common life."

These were Lemordant's words, but it is impossible to transcribe or to pass on by means of the printed page the sacred fire of his enthusiasm or the earnestness of his belief in the sublime mission of modern art. Like so many of that vast army of young heroes who went into battle with uplifted hearts, who suffered and died that their ideals might endure, he has seen the vision of a higher spirituality, a spirituality that shall redeem the world from selfish materialism and secure it from the horrors of future conflicts. He is indeed a prophet, deeply imbued with his mission to preach and to teach the uplifting power of art and its relation to life—the consecration of the artist to the service of humanity. None can hear him without being stirred to the depths and inspired by his words, his heroism, his sincerity, and his noble example.

ILLUSTRATION

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

WHAT is illustration? To the average mind which has not given the question thought, illustration consists of drawings, chiefly black and white, done primarily, with commercial ends in view, for reproduction; or, perhaps, the same mind thinks of tests or stories in popular periodicals to accompany which drawings are made—drawings, likely as not, merely of heads, or, more probably, full length figures of men and girls in evening dress sittings upon sofas in the various attitudes demanded by the authors. It is unfortunate indeed that such a conception of illustration is so widespread. Drawings such as these are by no means illustration—unless the word be used in a very narrow and restricted sense. There should be some title to differentiate the purely commercial work, the quick and empty incidental drawings, from that great realm of art, that broadest and most meaningful division of all art, illustration. There is no such title that I

know of. It has yet to be invented. I have thought of the word *cartooning*, but cartooning, like illustration, has its two classes—one, the scrawls of the surface, of the moment—the other, the drawings of the master-craftsmen, the dreamers, carrying to the world messages of truth and inspiration as only art can do. The great cartoon and illustration are truly one.

What then is illustration? For the moment let all thoughts of ways and means, paper, black and white, above all, reproduction, escape the reader's mind. Let him look at the word itself. It means *a making clear*. It says nothing of mediums, nothing of publications, nothing of reproductions. A making clear—that is illustration. That, indeed, is art.

Broadly speaking, all pictures may be divided into two classes, those whose purpose is to delight the eye, and those whose purpose is to delight the mind. True illustration lies in the latter group.

I have no quarrel with the first class. It has its purpose, but the latter is supremely great. It lives when the other dies; speaks to millions, the other speaks to few. With its dreams and visions it thrills mankind, leads ever on toward the star.

The purpose of a great picture is to reveal the spirit, the ideals, of life. This sounds simple, as indeed it is, and it is this that makes any work of art endure. That is the difference between an illustration, a true picture—for all true pictures, all works of art, whose purpose is the revelation of a thought of life, are illustrations—and a canvas that says nothing beyond the surface. Mediums and technique are not illustration, nor discussions of harmonies and balances, and rhythms. These may be the so-called painters' delectation, but they are not the illustrators'. They may be the means whereby the illustrator attains his end, but they are not the end.

And that is why illustration has become so intimately connected with books and magazines and reproduction. Books are printed to be sold; the publisher dare not buy a picture that gives no meaning to the world. *It must convey a message*—else his magazine will stay forever on the newsstand, and he will fail. And so for his book covers, his posters, his pictures in his magazines, he finds the artists who, to the world at large, best reveal understandable ideas.

This is not the case upon the walls of our academies. In the average gallery of America, as our periodic exhibitions come and go, what do we behold? For the most part painters engaged in brush-work, color, deep in art for art's sake, caring for little beyond talk of shop, for little beyond things visual, little indeed for every day affairs of life. What scorn we find among them for *subject* pictures! What has *subject*, they ask with lifted eyebrows, to do with beauty? Not remembering that beyond the beauty of visual things lies that infinitely greater beauty of ideals and visions, aspirations of men's lives. Landscapes we behold upon these exhibition walls which, for all the local color they possess, might well be any region of the earth; lifeless heads we see; still-lives, the inevitable brass bowls with thickly laid-on orange high-lights, and always nudes. Nudes there are under trees, nudes sprawl-

ing upon divans, nudes ambling beside brooks. Red nudes we see, pink nudes blue nudes and chalky white. Well painted generally they are, cleverly, dextrously indeed, so that the handling would satisfy the most exacting of technicians. They receive acclaim of painters, prizes, but what a horror of these subjects has the illustrator! Why, he wonders, do their creators waste their talents on pictures such as these? What have nudes and still-lives to do with the problems of the world?

It may be that our schools have much to do with our painters' lack of vision. In the average class-room of America our students receive scant training of the mind. Little is taught them of the oneness of art and life. There upon the model stands endlessly the models pose, the pupils copy, copy, while in their ears are dinned forever tone and value, surface, brush-strokes, line. No words are heard of subjects beyond these, no words of the wonders, the mysteries, of that wide world, that ever storm-tossed world, which throbs beyond the school-room doors. Alas, for would-be illustrators! With teaching such as this the youthful mind sees slight connection between the school and life. Small wonder that his canvas becomes not an inspiration!

It is inborn in young students, this mode of thinking, this absorption in studio affairs, in ways and means, in insignificant details. Unbattered by the world, dormant, unconscious of the deeper things yet to be experienced, it is but natural that they conceive art to be a thing of methods. They think only of their hands. "Let our fingers but be trained," they say, "to handle charcoal. Let us but dash water color on this paper with swift bold strokes, and behold we shall be illustrators!" Fortunately that student who can find a teacher who may free his attentions from charcoal sticks, turn them toward the beauty of the happenings about him, happenings by him yet unseen. Yet even so a student clings to preconceived ideas. He may listen to a teacher speaking of the sky and sea, of birds and wind, of soaring buildings and canyon-like thronged streets, of fragrance of spring fields, of fairy castles, of calm of peace, of war, of the choice of subjects which might reveal to man some beauty

thought of in his daily hum-drum life—some beauty of idea that might help, perhaps, to lead him on toward ultimate perfection—but as his teacher finishes the thoughtful student's mind will be a blank. "Yes, Professor," he will begin, hesitating, his expression showing all too plainly he has failed to connect actual picture-making with the words of his instructor, "but . . . what sort of blue is best to buy, ultramarine or cobalt?"

O ye gods! Unless the method of the teaching in our schools be changed there is scant hope for a national art!

The greatest questions of the ages are now confronting man. There has been no moment in history more fraught with possibilities. All nations of the earth are tense with hope, with expectation, with passionate desires. All have visions and ideals. Humanity is grasping after brotherhood.

And brotherhood seems now a thing all but accomplished. The forces of the age are bringing the dream about. Man has harnessed matter and is breaking down the barriers between nations. He spreads his webs of iron from shore to shore, ploughs the deeps with mighty ships, connects the continents, the races, with airplanes, liners, telephones, wireless and ocean cables, and as he builds his railroads, ships, man fills the heavens with his message. His powers cleave the sky. His buildings loom. His cranes ride against the clouds. His scaffoldings rear gaunt networks. His furnaces fling flame into the night, locomotives thunder, stacks vomit smoke, steam hisses, mounts in boiling billows. The yards of shipways, mills, of vast industrial plants, resound with roar of labor. Through industrial gates the multitudes pour. Is not this the spirit of America?—work, and the brotherhood of man? What subjects for the artist! What chances to express the purpose and the meaning of men's lives!

Look, then, upon the pages of major periodicals for the expression of a national life. In France and England throughout the war it is the illustrator who has kept before the nation's eyes the reason of the Titan struggle. He has cheered the downhearted, encouraged the despairing, in the darkest moments with revelations of the

ends to be attained, kept hearts aglow with hope. So, too, in America. It was not the so-called painters who were appointed by our Government officially to accompany our army into France. It was the illustrators. For pictorial inspiration, it has not been to our galleries we have turned but to our publications. Here we find the record of the day. Here is revealed the essence of our country, the scale, the magnitude of all this land, its aspirations, yearnings, hopes. And now already as the guns no longer roar, the carnage ends, the great ships bring back our nation's sons, the illustrators are giving forth their songs of peace. They tell of joy and a new world, of reconstruction, goals achieved, ideals shining yet afar. And art is only that, the expression by any means whatever—be it by work for reproduction, by painters, architects or sculptors, by brush or stone or note or word—of ideals in the hearts of men.

The frontispiece to this number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART* and the pictures on the five following pages are illustrations by Mr. Thornton Oakley generously lent at our special request for reproduction at this time.

Mr. Oakley is in our estimation one of the best illustrators that we have in this country today; one who takes the profession of the illustrator most seriously and brings to bear upon his work not only an extraordinary talent, but unusual intelligence made effectual through unending and enthusiastic study.

He is a master of science and architecture of the University of Pennsylvania. He studied illustration under Howard Pyle. In 1910 he went around the world and on his return painted a notable series of water colors of the Orient.

He has, however, given the greater part of his life to expressing the wonder and beauty which he saw in the industrial toil of our own land and his pictures of Hog Island were adopted by the U. S. Government for its foreign news service, reproduced and sent all over the world.

THE EDITOR.



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ART—A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE*

BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

"THE thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy; I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—JOHN, X—10.

Have you heard the hooting and the tooting and din of harbor craft? Have you been down to the Battery where the fireboats rush out to welcome, with a barrage of water from their nozzles, each returning transport?

The grim-gray, sea-battered, "Leviathan" looms up through the misty harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, that gift of France to America; from every port hole flies a bandage, from every throat there leaps a cry of joy; for *Our Boys*—the advance guard, the wounded—are returning home to us—*Victors*—from the fields of France. Fields bloodstained, torn, and devastated, that the world might be a safe place to live in; that people might be free; that the ideals for which Jesus Christ lived and for which He suffered the Supreme Sacrifice might live. No ideal has ever been won without first passing through some material end to attain it, and the greater the ideal, the greater the battle and the greater the sacrifice.

So far as we who are living today are concerned, the last great war has been fought; but who knows but that in some future century the thief may come again to steal—to kill and to destroy.

Who is this thief? What does he look like? Why does he come? Why can we not lock him up forever or, better yet, execute him and have done with him for all time?

The thief is Greed, Materialism, Sin! and if you wish to see a picture of him, John Sargent has visualized him well in one of his new decorations depicting the progress of the human soul, in the Boston Public Library. An ugly, bluish-green, shapeless, horned monster, which seems to be all mouth and arms, gathering unto itself hosts of pale men and women—lost souls. But the writhing, naked figures

are all a mass of one tone and color, so let us characterize it as *Lost Soul*.

Lost Soul, that's it! and I'll tell you why the thief comes every so often. The character of a nation depends upon the character of its people, and the character of the people depends upon whether life is equally developed physically, mentally, and spiritually; or we might say—equally balanced in idealism and materialism.

We come into this world in a purely physical state and great care is given some of us that we may grow up to become fine physical specimens of manhood and womanhood; for the house which is to contain the mind and the spirit must be clean, well-ventilated, and equipped with all modern improvements that the mind and spirit may have good ground in which to grow. Gradually with the growth of the body the intellect begins to develop and continues to develop even after the body ceases to grow. But the spirit or soul in man is that unseen power which tends to direct the attitude of the mind, and if this spirit be not awakened, developed and fed upon the proper food, the mind will become one-sided, and, like an express train which runs per schedule every day on a certain track, its main purpose is to get there—materially at any cost.

So we may conclude that if a man or a nation is bent upon material gain—such as making money or adding to its boundaries more square miles of the earth's surface—that something is bound to happen to its physical body, for the soul has already been lost. Its ideals if it ever had any have been crushed. The seeds either fell by the wayside, on stony ground, or the thistles choked them.

So it is this lack of soul which permits materialism to develop into such a monster as the thief—which steals, kills, destroys, that its ugly body may live in luxury. So often as nations and men become soulless—so often shall we hear the call to arms to defend the ideals for which Christ lived "that they might have life—and that they might have it more abundantly."

*An address presented at the Annual Convention, The American Federation of Arts, New York, May 15, 16, 17, 1919.

Even as the resurrection of Christ has taken place again upon the sacrificial altar of Belgium and France—in the hearts and souls of the boys we sent over there and who are coming back to us even now—*Men*, so have the ideals of life, the principles set forth by Christ, been resurrected to a degree right here at home in our own nation. Note what happened at Atlantic City early in December, less than a month after the armistice was signed, 5,000 business men assembled there to discuss ways and means to meet their reconstruction problems and—as a Michigan editor expressed it—it seemed as though they had all taken down their dust-covered Bibles lying around somewhere in their homes and offices and taken them along to read on the train. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., recited his industrial creed, and the inspiration for all of the addresses came from golden old truths which have been resurrected after many years in the potters' field.

Whenever we are immediately confronted with the prospect of death or destruction there seems to rise up in us a feeling that there is some Almighty Power which holds dominion over us, and in such times as this some of us pray and some wish they had lived different lives. It was coming face to face with the reaper that awakened the soul in our fighting forces. Some of them did not understand this feeling, but beside them in the trenches were men wearing triangles on their sleeves whose three sides stood for "Spirit, mind and body." These men did not serve out to the soldiers religion as they served out chocolate and cigarettes—but they were there—and when the more serious side of life presented itself to the "doughboys" and "Tommys" they naturally talked these things over. So it was that the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and other constructive elements were there maintaining the morale of our fighting youths. You know the old bunch that gathered nightly at the street corners, gangs of boys who, with nothing better to do, fell to swearing, drinking, telling foul stories, gambling and even crime. Imagine these same boys in their dugouts or going "over the top," singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and such hymns as "Jerusalem the Golden,"

"Onward Christian Soldiers" and other famous hymns. If you don't believe it—read Coningsby Dawson's "Carry On" or ask the boys themselves when they return.

Now comes the labor problem here at home. Note what is happening in Russia and in Germany and even in a lesser degree here at home (in Montreal), and in Seattle. But open your dust-covered Bibles if you will to the 91st Psalm: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Was it not this spirit which carried our boys over the top and swept them on to Victory?

Capital—assembled at Atlantic City—far older men than our soldier boys—realized at once that in the past they had waxed gross and had lost sight of certain ideals which were forgotten or choked by their great desire for material success. It is the old, old story of the Sower going forth to sow. Even before the war ended we half realized that we were to undergo a long period of reconstruction here at home—and now that the fighting has ceased so abruptly, this period of reconstruction is upon us and we are about as unprepared for it as we were unprepared to go into battle.

When we finally plunged into this great strife to free the world of militarism and autocracy, and gain once and for all the ideals which in 1620 the Pilgrims brought to these very shores where I am writing, Provincetown—we set into motion the machinery of every force at our command to expedite the movement of troops, food, and munitions of war; and to do this meant not only the raising of billions of dollars but the cooperation of every American citizen, to work, to save food and fuel. We also realized at once that if our boys in the trenches were left to themselves for months and years—using only their physical forces and concentrating their minds and beings upon destruction—that they would return to us barbarians; so we immediately got behind them with all the constructive forces at our command: Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, music, books, drama and athletics—so that when the boys came off duty these outside constructive influences would divert their minds from the obsession which was upon

them, to keep them human and bring them back to us glorious American men.

Few of us stopped to realize that while we had an army and navy of three to four million men, that right here at home we were depending upon a much greater army of some thirty-five million workers for the realization of our ideals—just as much as it rested upon the fighting forces in the trenches and upon the sea. The pick and the shovel, the hammer and saw, the automatic riveting "gun"—yes, and the thousands of clicking typewriters as well—were all just as essential to winning the war as were the bayonets, hand-grenades, bullets, and depth bombs sent against the Hun.

If we needed all these constructive forces to maintain the morale of our soldiers and sailors, do you not believe that we likewise need, now and always, like forces to maintain the morale of our much greater army of workers that are with us always? We do need it, and this fact was realized in a comparatively small way here at home.

It was especially noticeable in Washington where some hundred thousand or more extra people were concentrated to help win the war. Music in the form of community singing, and band concerts, did much for entertainment and maintaining and arousing enthusiasm in the hearts and souls of the workers. Editorials and other printed propaganda were constantly displayed before the eyes of the people, but the factor which appealed most strikingly to everyone, whether it was to enroll their dollars or their ability, was the nationwide display of pictorial posters, which at least were intended to tell their story at a glance. But among all these billions of posters there was none, except in one very small instance, appealing to the glory and the dignity of American Labor; to at least suggest to thirty-five million pairs of hands that on the constant work of those hands depended the victory which is ours today.

The U. S. Department of Labor was issuing, in million editions, posters ten by fifteen inches on which was printed only reading matter. There was no color to attract the eye of the worker, no dramatic action depicting the laborer himself at his own work; and a great percentage of labor

could not read—to say nothing of the many foreign tongues which could not understand if able to read. The universal language of Art was not in evidence.

In our shipyards—perhaps the one industry on which, more than on any other, depended the rapid winning of the war—the workers were being encouraged to do their best by sermons or addresses by one of our well known New York clergymen. This was commendable and produced results, no doubt; but think for a moment of what it meant in loss of time and money to stop twenty thousand ship-builders for an hour to tell them to do their best, to continue to work—and then realize that before twenty-four hours had passed much of what was said had gone in one ear and passed out of the other ear. Lengthy editorial propaganda was also distributed. These took much time to read and with other rapidly succeeding publications were soon lost to mind. True, there were a few pictorial posters in the ship yards; but listen to what the chief of the service department in one of our Atlantic yards said to me when I asked him if these posters meant anything to the workers. There was a fine large poster by one of our well known painters showing the construction of ships on the ways, cranes and structural iron predominating.

"That's all right on Fifth Avenue to tell the rest of the world what we are doing," he said, "but it doesn't mean anything to the men here because it's their back yard—they see it every day."

There were two posters of men riveting; these advertised the buying of Liberty Bonds. As artistic as they might have been, the artists who made them probably never saw riveters at work, and the chief of the service department told me that the men considered these posters as jokes because there were so many technical faults not only in the actions of the figures, but also in the structural iron they were operating upon.

Now supposing that the Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, had taken on three or four of our best artists, had built them a working studio in the yards so that these artists might stroll about the shipyards and observe real riveters at work, and have real riveters as the inspir-

ation for their posters instead of hiring professional artists' models to come to their four-walled studios in New York, dressing them up in overalls in much the same way as labor is represented on the stage. The artists could have mingled with the workers, lived with them, been one of them, learned their ideas about work and life and in a short time they would have been able to get that psychological punch into their posters that would actually have meant something to the shipbuilders.

If this is true of one industry it is also true of every industry, and while we no longer need posters to appeal to labor to help win the war—we should right now get behind labor, our army at home, with all these constructive forces and with Art especially to arouse the soul in labor and likewise in capital. We need to suggest through Art the glory and dignity of labor. As Rev. Dr. Edward W. Walker, librarian of Oxford University and member of the British Educational Mission to the United States, preaching at Trinity Church in Boston on October 27, 1918 said, "The problem would be solved if only the masses realized that there is a high moral law which directs the affairs of life; attempting to settle questions between labor and capital only on material grounds will not meet with permanent success."

As long as men and women, whether they be laborers or capitalists, as long as our industries remain materially minded, there will be strikes and other differences settled only by money and there will be no end.

On the other hand, industrial captains and managers of masses of men have been afraid to place before their workers posters which savored of anything suggesting religion. I know this to be a fact because the contract manager of a large organization which employs thousands of men told me that, "a laboring man had no heart and soul." *Therein* lies the trouble. We know full well that every laborer has a heart and soul, but the man who conducts labor from a desk fails to realize that labor has worked so long and so steadily with its hands only, and at the same monotonous daily grind, that the soul in it lies dormant, it has not had a chance to come to the surface. The foreman of the gang knows better; he mixes with his men.

Whenever a manufacturer has anything to sell he appropriates thousands of dollars to advertise it, and the advertising agency which handles that account knows only too well the value of striking pictures to attract the attention of the public. I have before me as I write a picture advertising overalls; it shows men at work wearing these overalls.

The most important thing we have to advertise today is human soul, and it is the soul of labor and capital too, that we must reach. And why not reach the laboring man through pictures of himself working in these same overalls? A change in the lettering at the top or bottom of the poster is all that is needed to suggest to him a new point of view.

Statisticians inform us that seventy per cent of our education comes through the eyes. Think of the visualizing power of posters—*good posters!*

The hundreds of posters that have been issued in the many campaigns relative to the war were produced gratis by the artists. This was a fine patriotic spirit on the part of those artists who were financially able to give their work away. But besides being on a fundamentally wrong basis, it did not in general permit these artists to put their best efforts and time into that work, especially when there were commissions from magazine editors awaiting to be done "on time," and it excluded the work of many capable artists who could not afford to work without some remuneration.

We should have in Washington today, as Mr. Duncan Phillips said in his article on "Art and the War" in the June number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*, a division of pictorial propaganda to which every government department might come with its needs for posters. Such a division should, I believe, be a branch of the National Fine Arts Commission, and on the staff of such a division there should be the art editor of one of our leading magazines, an educational specialist, a preacher, and an advertising man—all of whom should be psychologists in their special lines, to consider each need carefully. The art editor would know which artist in the country is best able to execute a certain kind of poster, and such an artist should be given the com-



AN OLD FISHERMAN OF PROVINCETOWN

A PAINTING BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

Recently purchased by Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., for the new
Youngstown, Ohio, Museum of Art

mission to do the work and be paid for it. In this way we should be able to obtain the best posters; and we should be able to tell those Russian peasants, the Mexicans, the negroes, and thousands of others that the United States of America is back of them and ready to help them. Likewise, we could reach all classes within our own borders with the several messages we wish to convey to them.

Never was Art needed more than it is today. It is the old story of Idealism vs. Materialism. We plunged so abruptly, so deeply into Materialism to win these world-wide ideals that now we need to plunge

into idealism in order to bring about just relations in the life of our industry and in the lives of the people.

Art—music, pictures, drama, literature—all forms of Art, for Art reflects life, but the form of art which has the most powerful lasting force is art in picture form—posters and paintings alike. Seeing is believing.

A soldier boy in France writing to his sweetheart said, "One thing I'm sorry for—that I didn't pay more attention to the history of these diggin's. I go around these Art Galleries and I see these pictures and statues, and I don't know what they mean."



"MEN ARE SQUARE"

A PAINTING BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

Painted in the factory of the Hydraulic Press Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Awarded first prize, exhibition of work by Cleveland artists, Cleveland Museum of Art, May, 1919

France and Italy protected their art treasures as best they could, but the Germans carried off or destroyed much of it. Why? Art has a value! Nations are known in history by their art and by their appreciation of art. Some of our own American artists are eagerly awaiting the moment when they may go back to France, for they proudly acknowledge that France made them what they are today. And yet when France, who had given so much, came to her hour of trial some of these same artists never so much as stirred their little fingers to help her.

How is this great and wonderful nation of

ours to be known? Because the poorer classes of all Europe have flocked here to better their material existence, because we are made up of many races, creeds, and religions which come to our shores for freedom and material betterment—that material side of us grew so powerful that Europe thought of us only as "money mad." This side of us grew so overwhelmingly that had we not taken part in this World War we should have had an industrial war within our own borders. We remember only too well the many destructive forces, the result of differences between capital and labor which were rampant before the

war began. These forces are about to become active again—how can we help stop them? To stop them by force is not the way it should be done—but no doubt the way it will be done. These destructive forces may be led along much better by constructive influences—just as the captains of industry may be influenced to recognize that labor *is* human and not altogether a part of a machine. Both capital and labor must be brought to recognize the great fundamentals of life, and to place a moral interpretation on “Unto him that hath shall be given, but unto him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.” In the past and present this is too often understood to be money, property, material success; but the great Teacher who spoke these words which have lived nearly nineteen hundred years meant something else—*Knowledge*. The “abundant life” has too often meant an abundance of the things that money will buy instead of the elements which go to make up character; and let us not forget that the character of a nation, the character of an industry, depends upon the character of the people in it. We need food, clothing, and fuel to sustain the spark of life and it takes money to buy these necessities; but *Art* is just as essential to the maintenance of the soul in man as is the mother’s breast to the little babe in her arms.

I repeat: Art was never more needed than it is today. Thousands of people who called themselves poor—before the war—have suddenly come into money. I do not suggest that they rush out and buy paintings. First of all they set about to improve their living conditions, move into a better “flat,” or even buy or build a better home. In time they go to the market for rugs, hangings, furniture and cut glass, and when the house has become filled with all the unsightly gew-gaws and clicking high-lights that the manufacturers have to offer, then the householder looks at his walls and finds them bare. So he goes out to a department store and buys oil paintings which sell at \$25 to \$50—no doubt imported from Germany—plush-lined shadow box and all, but it is an oil painting, painted by hand, and he does not know that the shadow box and ornamental gold

frame are worth three times as much as the “little gem” within it.

We need art in everything in the home—in floor covering, wall papers, hangings, furniture, dishes, and pictures, that the influence of that which is beautiful may be a part of the daily life of our millions of workers.

How may we reach the heart of the masses with art? The finest art of today is carefully housed in the many museums of art which have sprung up in the last few years all over our country. These museums are practically empty all week long until Sunday comes when as you may have experienced at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, it is as much as one’s life is worth to mingle with the vast throngs of working people and their families. It is the subject matter which causes them to stop now before *this* picture and then before *that* statue. They know nothing or very little of real art appreciation. In all these many museums how many paintings will you find depicting the many sides or phases of the working man’s life? What does the work-a-day man or woman know about a Rembrandt and a Velasquez? Except that it is a portrait of a Dutchman or a Spaniard of the sixteenth or seventeenth century and is worth so many thousands of dollars.

Artists paint the life which surrounds them, but as most of our artists have chosen the artificial life of New York and other great cities it follows quite naturally that the inspiration for their paintings and statues comes from more or less artificial sources.

Now, supposing that our great industries or even our national government should commission those painters who were enthusiastic about the idea, to go into these industries which are now because of war conditions developed to the nth power, and paint a record of them.

Let us take, for instance, the cotton industry. Several of our best landscape painters would go south and paint the cotton fields, others would paint the life of the darkies who work in the cotton fields, while still other artists would find inspiration in the levees with their river packets and the rolling of cotton bales. An artist like Robert Spencer would be interested in

painting mill towns and the homes of mill workers, his speciality for many years—and still other artists would find a variety of interesting material in the cotton industry.

What is true of cotton is also true of steel, from the Massaba range in Minnesota where great steam shovels scoop up the ore like sand. The loading and unloading, the mills at Gary, Homestead, and Pittsburgh, the construction of great steel ships, bridges and skyscrapers. Lumber, mining, farming, railroading—think of the fields to work in.

Manufacturers well know the advertising value of a pictorial record of their business—as is proved by the many moving picture films shown on the screen today. They recognize that seventy per cent of our education comes through the eye. But suppose that exhibitions of paintings of these great industrial subjects painted by our best painters, were to go on circuit all over our broad land, it would first of all attract the attention of the masses from its subject matter—its educational value as to the vast resources of our great and glorious country. What do the people of Michigan know about the cotton industry? What do the people of most of our states know about the great steel industry? The people would be ten times more interested in such exhibitions than they would be in such a popular show as that of Sorolla which traversed the country a few years ago. Then, provided these paintings had true art value—if we got the masses into the habit of visiting such exhibitions—do you not believe it would tend to develop in the souls of the people a true appreciation of Art, other than subject matter? Could we not bring the laboring man and his family to understand the beauty in a head by Titian or to appreciate the beauty in the homely subject matter of our own American landscape as interpreted by George Inness and a host of modern contemporaries?

The fault lies not so much in the inability of the masses to appreciate art as it does in the too frequent selfishness of the artists to please their own artistic whims. I am not decrying the lack of art in a superb still-life, or in the many canvases of beautiful women—robed and disrobed, pouring

tea, reading books, or lounging about in luxurious negligee. The art may be there; beauty may be there; but what of the source of inspiration. The closer we artists get to simpler more elementary things in nature—back to the soil as it were—the greater will be our inspiration and the more understandable will our art become to millions of people all over this broad land, who do not have the chance to stroll into velvet-carpeted Fifth Avenue Galleries or into the museums of our larger cities.

Art is a form of religion. The Creator has in fact commissioned us artists to visualize for the people—to advertise as it were—the beauties with which He has surrounded us. Whether that beauty be found in mountain, valley, forest, ocean, or in the faces of the humble laborers; and the closer we painters can get to the big elementary things which influence life—the better art we shall produce and the more appreciation shall we reap.

We have heard it said that there is no such thing as a national art. Art is individual and universal I admit, but the painting of our own great industries and the human element in them, from start to finish, all sides of them—this will be American Art.

The peace we have just gained depends upon the happiness and contentment of the thirty-five million workers in our great industries. This is the class of people in whom the heart and soul have not been aroused. The same forces of terror and destruction that have brought about the resurrection of the souls of our fighting forces, have not confronted the army of thirty-five million workers here at home. The element in this vast army which causes the most disturbance is mostly uneducated. How are we to reach them?

They are, for the most part, truly as simple minded as children, foreigners many of them who cannot understand or read our language, ready to follow the first new leader at a moment's notice. The walking delegate or the soap-box orator, you've heard him hoarsely exhorting his flock to strike—and strike they do. If the uneducated masses are so easily led, why can we not lead them with constructive methods? Do you not believe they may be led along by art? First by placing

before their eyes pictures of themselves working? They will look at these—and understand.

People who feel sorry for themselves never get anywhere. Happiness does not depend upon circumstances; it depends upon doing our work with all our heart and soul—and it is by appealing to the intellect through the eyes and ears of the people with that one element which is founded altogether upon heart and soul—ART—be it in the form of posters, paintings, statuary, music, literature, or drama, that we may arouse in the people real heart and soul.

It is not the subject matter of the picture, the plot of the drama, nor the work of the hands which make art, but the way in which the work is done. That is Art. Our future depends upon the *way* we live—living, working, play-

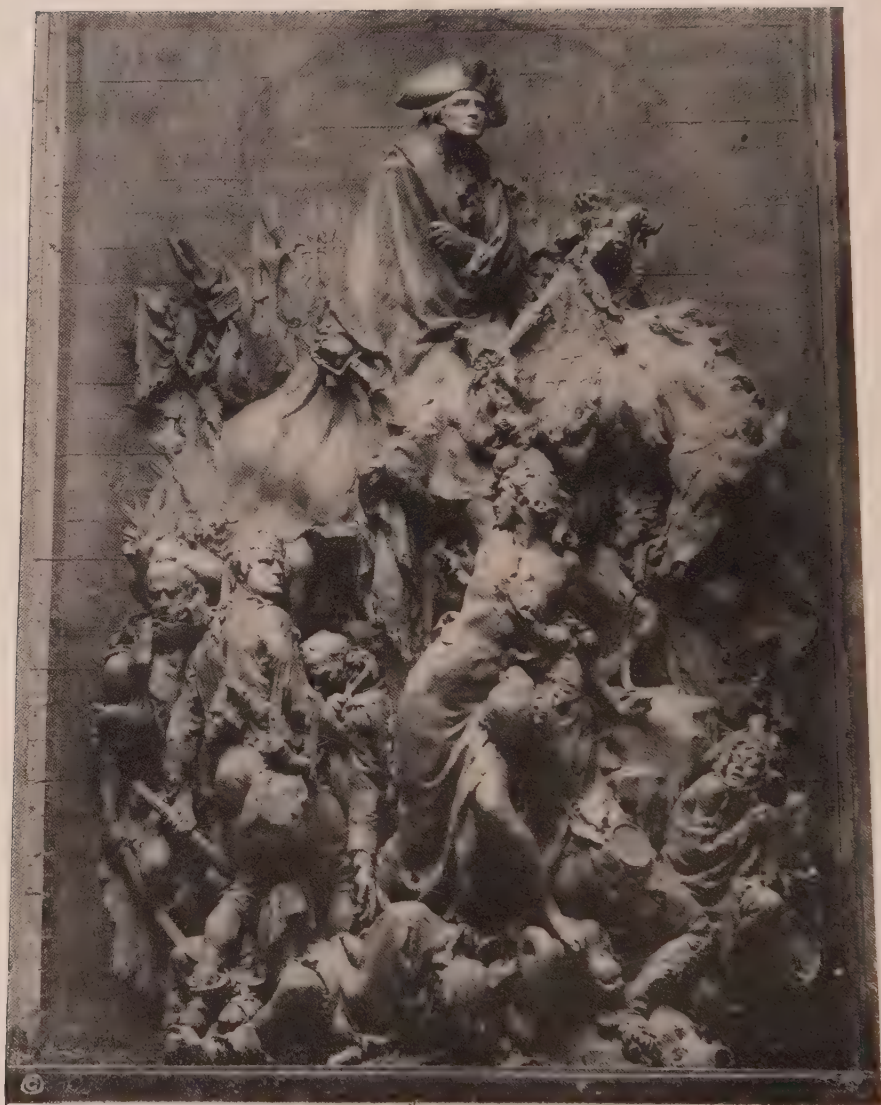
ing, with all our hearts and souls.

Where are the artists? Where are the novelists and the poets who will go into American industry for their inspiration? Where are the dramatists and scenario writers—to make us see ourselves as others see us? I promise them they will find greater stuff in the realities of the life of these elemental working people than they could ever conjure up within their four-walled studios. Where are the musicians? Did not Richard Wagner interpret the fire and the forging of the sword in his Walkure and Siegfried? And *where?* Oh, where? Oh! where are the *painters* who will go into American Industry to visualize for mankind the glory and dignity of labor?—to awaken the slumbering souls in men and women that we may all go on working—loving, laughing, singing, living—with *all* our hearts and souls?



BY THE RIVER

A PAINTING BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



PRINCETON BATTLE MONUMENT

FREDERICK MACMONNIES, SCULPTOR

THE PRINCETON BATTLE MONUMENT

OUT of a huge piece of shapeless stone a great battle monument is being carved at Princeton on the grounds which formerly belonged to the Princeton Inn.

This monument will consist of a screen designed by Mr. Thomas Hastings on the front and side of which will be sculptured reliefs by Mr. Frederick MacMonnies.

The monument as modeled by Mr. MacMonnies is illustrated herewith.

The motif of this monument is a shaft decorated on all four sides—on the front a high relief and on the sides colonial trophies and the coats of arms of the thirteen original states, on the back a commemorative inscription. This unusual

type of monument has, in a way, the triumphal character of an arch of triumph without its almost prohibitive expense and permits a dignified presentation of an heroic high relief group on a robust and impressive architectural mass, interesting in itself, avoiding the weakness of the type of monument relief set up like a picture in the street, the architecture merely forming a frame around it and having no existence of its own—the architecture decorating the bas relief rather than the relief the architecture.

This relief as described by Prof. Allan Marquand presents a splendid figure of General Washington advancing on a wearied steed over ice-clad ground where his small, stalwart band had been pushed back and almost annihilated. Behind him is his miniature army, whose standards only are seen. He has an expression in which hope, determination and confident foresight have overcome all hesitation. The sculptor in the execution of this head had before him the famous bust of Houdon and the charming portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

"In the foreground of the relief we see to the right a drummer boy shivering with cold, to the left General Mercer falling lifeless, supported by a stalwart man of middle age, beyond whom an older man braces himself for a final resistance to the foe. In the center is a fallen hero scantily clad, and near him a falling hero from whose dying grasp has been snatched the tattered stars and stripes by a beautiful figure of Liberty who typifies the guiding inspiration of this battle, which changed the fortunes of war.

"Below the group in very low relief are cannon and other trophies, a large inscription, 'Liberty or Death,' and a smaller inscription, 'Princeton January 3, 1777.'

"The narrow sides of the screen will be carved with coats of arms, those of Princeton and New Jersey occupying the positions of honor.

"The back of the monument contains this fine inscription composed by Dean West:

Here memory lingers
to recall
The guiding mind
Whose daring plan
Outflanked the foe
And turned dismay to hope
When Washington
With swift resolve
Marched through the night
To fight at dawn
And venture all
In one victorious battle
For our freedom

Saecvla praeterevnt rapimvr nos vltro
morantes adsis tv patriae saecvla
qvi dirigis

(Translation of couplet: The ages pass away. We too, yet lingering, are hurried on. O Thou, who guidest the ages, guard our land!)

It is Mr. MacMonnies' conviction that all monuments should have first of all an existence as architectural structures and be decorated and enhanced or not by sculptures and inscriptions as a second consideration.

RUSKIN AS A CRITIC OF ART

BY WALTER SARGENT

Professor of Art Education, The University of Chicago

THE direct contributions which the writings of John Ruskin made to the advancement of art have been frequently and perhaps adequately stated. He made art a matter of general public discussion in non-technical terms. He made England of the nineteenth century acquainted with important schools of art that had been little considered before. His books did more

than to present the formulated results of his travels and studies. In them the reader accompanies him and with the privileges of a comrade is favored with his confidences and may observe his processes of thinking. He unveils with frankness his intellectual and aesthetic experiences, and, it may be added, the frequent conflicts between them. He showed the charm of Gothic architec-

ture at a time when it was being neglected for cheap imitation of classic styles. He also emphasized the contribution which appreciation of art makes to habits of thought and to shaping of temperament, and the consequent value of artistic surroundings. Perhaps most important of all were his interpretations of landscape painting at a time when it was struggling somewhat blindly with tradition. In form and subject matter landscape painting was just emerging from the domination of Italian styles. It was not long, since in France and England, a landscape painting was supposed to be commonplace unless it pictured Italian topography and was peopled with characters of classical history or mythology. In color, landscape painting was still dark with the shadows of studio interiors. It had not come out of doors. Ruskin appreciated the new tendencies of landscape painting. He became the ardent champion of Turner at a time when Turner was receiving little besides criticism.

The direct contributions which Ruskin as art critic made along these lines are evident and have been universally acknowledged. Sometimes we are tempted to think that a high service would be rendered to art if some discriminating editor would select and bring together those portions of Ruskin's criticism which have stood the test of time. Perhaps this would be worth doing, but in Ruskin's writings the portions which would probably be omitted from a collection of this sort, because they did not measure up to a standard for direct art criticism, frequently possess a peculiar value as indirect contributions to the subject; contributions which frequently the author did not intend, but which have been almost as important in making clearer the proper functions of art, as have the opinions which are still accepted in the form in which he presented them.

Let us consider some of these indirect contributions. They were due mainly to the fact that in his personality were to be found in unusual combination, qualities of the artist, scientist, mystic, and social reformer. One hesitates to say that these qualities were combined in him, because now one of them appears to be in evidence, and now another, and each not tempered

by the others, but rather exasperated by its own temporary submergence. They appear to be contending and not mutually supporting elements in his personality. The interest destined finally to dominate was that of social reformer. At forty he ceased to write about art except incidentally and gave his time mainly to political economy.

A personality in which these various elements contended was not fitted to be an impartial critic. His feelings towards art, his direct aesthetic reactions, when not confused by other interests were generally right. His reasoning about art was sometimes right, but often wrong. However, when it was wrong, it was wrong in a way peculiarly illuminating and valuable. His mistakes appear to result rather from conflicts of temperament than from limitations of abilities. Consequently as material for analysis they are of unusual interest.

Besides producing his own writings he stirred others to express themselves in a way that resulted in a many-sided discussion of the questions he raised. His extreme frankness in presenting his own opinions called forth vigorous replies from many who did not agree with him. These replies constitute another significant contribution to art criticism which probably would not be in existence if he had been a less emotional writer. The spirit in which he sometimes wrote is indicated by his description of the effect produced upon him by the attack upon Turner in Blackwood's magazine. He writes, "The review raised me to the height of black anger in which I have remained pretty nearly ever since." The result of this arousal was the first volume of "Modern Painters" in which he champions Turner as the greatest painter of the time, and the secondary result was the wide and important discussion of the views he presented. He states assertively his own theories of art and finds or reads into Turner's works perfect illustrations of them all. Turner himself says: "He" (Ruskin) "knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do. He puts things into my head, and points out meanings that I never intended."

In judging the enthusiasms of "Modern Painters" we of course remember that it is the work of a young man in his early

twenties. But that this emotional element which sometimes made him an advocate rather than a critic, was prominent in mature years as well as in youth, is illustrated by his own review of Mr. Whistler's work many years later. The notice which he published after he saw Whistler's picture entitled, "Nocturne in Black and Gold" was scarcely calculated to win that sensitive and irascible artist's friendship. The notice was as follows:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery, in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approaches the aspect of willful imposture. I have seen much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Whistler was gifted with sufficient command of English to make his own comments pointed and expressive. He brought successful suit against Ruskin for his statements and later published the book entitled "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." This title he elaborated so that it reads as follows: "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, as pleasingly exemplified in many instances wherein the serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right." This volume includes many comments upon Ruskin and his views, and some remarkable and valuable theories on art which might never have been written except under the sting of Ruskin's criticism.

Ruskin's writings and the discussions which they initiated have given us some illuminating considerations on three subjects that were apparently confused in treatises on art in the first half of the nineteenth century, namely, a comparison of the proper realm of literature with that of the graphic arts, the relation of nature to art, and of ethics to aesthetics.

Ruskin was primarily an artist in the use of language. In terms of one art, that of literary form, he championed another art the terms of which are peculiarly different from words, an art dealing with matters which words by their nature are not fitted

to express. The beauties of literature make an appeal to one type of experience; the beauties of graphic art to another. Each has its characteristic way of dealing with the subject and its own peculiar message. Although they overlap at the fringes they do not coincide in the main pattern. Now undoubtedly words do help in explaining and evaluating art, but when the explanation of graphic art becomes itself an emotion-compelling piece of literary art, a conflict of essentially different aesthetic experiences results.

For this reason the value of Ruskin's art criticisms is often in inverse proportion to the beauty of their literary style. Sometimes in simple terms they prepare the reader for what the work of art has to say, but perhaps as often they give what is to be sure an aesthetic experience, but one, for the full realization of which, direct acquaintance with the picture under discussion is not at all necessary. One does not need to have seen the picture beforehand in order to appreciate the description, nor afterwards, in order to complete the experience.

Of inestimable value, however, have these writings been in helping us to see the essential differences between the realm proper to the art of literature and that which the graphic arts have created. The student of these differences finds a rich store of suggestions when he compares analytically, the writings of Ruskin on art with those of men whose chief instrument of expression was the brush or chisel; for example with the statements of Sir Joshua Reynolds, J. F. Millet, Corot, Rodin, and John La Farge and with the direct replies of Whistler, who writes:

"Still quite alone stands Ruskin whose writing is art and whose art is unworthy of his writing. Let him resign his present professorship to fill the Chair of Ethics at the University. As a master of English literature he has a right to his laurels."

Ruskin himself who usually acknowledges sooner or later most of his own mistakes in terms as clear and sharp as those of his critics, sees also the conflict of his literary and artistic interests. He notes sadly his conclusions that his books on art are read for their literary style and not for the message that he wished to bring.

The considerations on the relation of nature to art and of ethics to aesthetics which Ruskin's writings and the discussion of them made available, are full of interest. In the middle of the seventeenth century, painting was extricating itself from the traditions of the past and the dominance of Italy, and was turning to current themes and actual surroundings for its subject matter and vocabulary. This was especially true of landscape painting. Landscape had appeared in painting from early times but seldom for its own sake. It was as a background or stage setting for human actions. That trees, clouds, waters, distances and elevations might be sufficient as dramatic factors and the landscape unpeopled, be a fit subject for painting, was a comparatively unfamiliar idea. To Ruskin the landscape for its own sake was a supremely satisfying subject. Here, as usual, his feelings were trustworthy but his attempt at intellectual justification for those feelings was misleading. We are told that his scientific interests dominated his artistic feelings and that, therefore, he insisted that the landscape painter must be a thorough student of botany in order to paint trees, of geology that we might know whether his rocks were shale or granite, of physics that his mountain torrents might fall in full accord with the laws of gravity. A study of his writings, however, seems to indicate a reason more primary than that of scientific interest for this insistence upon conscientious records of forms as they exist, namely the religious devoutness of his younger days. To him landscape was important because it was the work of a Divine Artist. Scientific analysis was the means of discovering the methods of this Divine Artist, and in so far as the human painter varied from these methods, by so much he fell short of the highest attainment. Moreover, to the degree that the life of the artist departed from the standards set forth in the moral law, he was unable to be in harmony with the Divine Spirit, and was by so much, a lesser Artist.

In the preface to the Second Edition of Vol. I, of "Modern Painters," Ruskin writes:

"No doubt can I think be reasonably entertained as to the utter inutility of all that has been hitherto accomplished by

the painters of landscape. No moral end has been answered, no permanent good effected by any of their works . . . and I assert with sorrow, that all hitherto done in landscape by those commonly conceived its masters, has never prompted one holy thought in the minds of nations . . . The cause of the evil lies, I believe, deep seated in the system of ancient landscape art; it consists, in a word, in the painter's taking upon him to modify God's work at his pleasure, casting the shadow of himself on all he sees. . . . Every alteration of the features of nature has its origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity, in the folly which forgets, or the insolence which desecrates works which it is the pride of Angels to know and their privilege to love."

Whistler expresses his opinion on this doctrine quite unmistakably as follows: "Nature contains the elements in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. . . . To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano."

Ruskin himself, when his artistic interests are uppermost, gives a quite different point of view from what he had stated in "Modern Painters." For in "Elements of Drawing" he says:

"In a great picture every line and color is so arranged as to advantage the rest. . . . It is not enough that they truly represent natural objects, but they must fit into certain places, and gather into certain harmonious groups. . . . In this picture 'The Spires of Coblenz' are all arranged in couples (how they are arranged in reality does not matter); when we are composing a great picture we must play the towers about till they come right, as fearlessly as if they were chess men instead of cathedrals."

Again twenty or more years after "Modern Painters" was written he says:

"You see, every great man's work . . . is a digestion of nature, which makes glorious human flesh of it. All my first work in 'Modern Painters' was to show that one must have nature to digest."

In his youth Ruskin held strongly to the doctrine that the aesthetic quality of the art of a nation or of an individual depended

upon the accompanying ethical standards and that the artistic value of a subject was based on its moral value." His own emotional reaction in the presence of landscape was unusual. He writes:

"The first thing which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Craig. . . . The intense joy mingled with awe that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots, over the crag; into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since. Two other things I remember as in a sort, beginnings of life;" Then follows further description, after which he adds:

"In such journeyings whenever they brought me near hills and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has since been possible to me in anything; comparable for intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress, but no more explicable or definable than that, feeling of love itself."

In the chapter on "The Moral of Landscape" from which this quotation is taken, one seems to detect an undertone of sadness as Ruskin analyzes his feelings for landscape in the light of his creed.

"Pleasure in landscape," he says, "is it a safe or seductive one? May we wisely boast of it, and unhesitatingly indulge it, or is it rather a sentiment to be despised when it is slight and condemned when it is intense . . . a joy to the inactive and the visionary, incompatible with the duties of life and the accuracies of reflection? It seems to me that, as matters stand at present, there is considerable ground for the latter opinion." Then follows a detailed analysis of the effects of a love of landscape.

His reasonings regarding his own feelings in this matter are a significant indication that there are important realms of experience with which methods of intellectual analysis are not adapted to deal and in which they are unsafe guides. In these realms, methods of analysis can only follow after aesthetic experiences and to some extent classify what these experiences have already discovered. But unfortun-

ately analysis is prone to assume the rights of philosophy and pronounce insignificant those ranges of experience with which it cannot deal to its own satisfaction, whereupon, especially in educational institutions, art, literature, and music, which hold the key to these realms, often seek to assume what Mr. Crothers describes as a sort of protective coloration, and say, "We also are scientific, we employ methods of analysis, we are forms of history." So they are, but their supreme place in our education is to train our tastes to be trustworthy guides in their appropriate realm; as science trains our reasoning powers to be safe pilots toward those other portions of truth which reason can reach.

Whistler, whose signature was the golden butterfly, felt none of Ruskin's regret in the dissociation of aesthetics and ethics.

"False again," he says. "The fabled link between the grandeur of art, and the glories and the virtues of the State . . . At our option is our virtue, art we in no way affect. A whimsical goddess . . . live we never so spotlessly, still she may turn her back upon us, as from time immemorial she has done upon the Swiss in their mountains. What more worthy people! Whose every Alpine gap yawns with tradition, and is stocked with noble story, yet the scornful one will none of it, and the sons of patriots are left with the clock that turns the mill and the sudden cuckoo, with difficulty restrained in its box."

Ruskin has already relinquished slowly, and apparently with sorrow, his creed that the aesthetic quality of the art of a nation or individual depended upon an accompaniment of moral righteousness in the orthodox sense. At the age of forty-five he says in effect: Men must have possibilities of good but need not necessarily be good to be great artists.

In a letter to Charles Eliot Norton he states his conclusions with playful exaggeration.

"I've found out a good deal . . . in that six weeks, the main thing in the way of discovery being that, positively, to be a first rate painter—you mustn't be pious, but rather a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world. I had been inclining to

this opinion for some years, but I clinched it at Turin."

In his mature years, Ruskin doubted the value of much of what he had done. His public writings are still assertive, but his private letters are full of misgivings. To Professor Norton he writes, "but granted . . . liberty and power of traveling and working as I chose, I suppose everything I've chosen to have been about as wrong as wrong could be. I ought not to have written a word. . . . As it is, I've written a few second-rate books which nobody minds, I can't draw, I can't play nor sing, I can't ride, I can't digest, and I can't help it."

In another letter he says: "I haven't made up my mind . . . whether one's tongue was ever made to talk with or only to taste with."

In Ruskin we have a high-minded and serious advocate and interpreter of art.

His feelings are so intense and his qualities are so conflicting, that he is not always a trustworthy guide. His reputation has suffered severely from his many mistakes. Nevertheless his aesthetic insight and sensibilities are remarkable, and give to his work a permanent importance as genuine art criticism; an importance which, so far as we can judge from present indications, will be more fully recognized and acknowledged by critics and by artists, a hundred years from now than it is today. Had he been a lesser man and thus had escaped the inner conflict of his own viewpoints; had he omitted his mistakes and lacked the courage to give frankly what he thought and felt, we should not have in written form the many views which his frankness elicited from his supporters and opponents, and which constitute an important body of art literature for the existence of which we have primarily to thank Ruskin.



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"NEW ANTIQUES"

On a side street in one of our large cities is a shop over the door of which may be seen a sign that reads: "New and Old Antiques." If truth were known this would be found more honest and less absurd than it would seem for the fact is there are today in all probability more *new* than old "antiques" in the market.

Not long ago an American weaver of great skill and real artistic ability wove a beautiful piece of tapestry four or five feet square—a conventionalized floral pattern. A dealer purchased it of him for \$300. After purchasing he asked that it be "antiqued"—and the expert craftsman obeyed his bidding. The piece of work of real excellence which had but just come from his loom was stained as by years of usage—holes were made and mended—edges frayed—no longer did it have the appearance of newness nor perfection—it was damaged—soiled. Some weeks afterwards the dealer came to the craftsman (at least so the story goes) and showed him a check for \$3,000 given him by the purchaser of this "new antique." Who was to blame?

In the showroom of a large and highly

respectable furniture establishment in a great metropolis was displayed not so very long ago a table in the style of tables made in England in the sixteenth century. It had every appearance of age—it was marred and scarred, in one side of the top was a deep cut where some witless feaster had dug away the wood with his hunting knife. The table came not from England but from an American furniture factory, within six weeks of the time it was put on display. It went, we are told, to a second middleman and to a private home. It was not originally set forth as of ancient lineage. But it was a deception—it lacked honesty.

Before the war many of the silks and other fabrics made in this country were marked and sold as foreign manufacture. Why? Because the people who purchased demanded it.

To borrow the best from the past is certainly altogether legitimate, but to carry imitation to the extent that it becomes deception is very wrong. If we copy an antique it should be because of its superlative beauty, and under these circumstances that beauty should not be marred deliberately. If it is art and beauty we seek and love, it would not be so. We would cherish the thing for its intrinsic worth—we would not tolerate deception. The trouble is fundamental and it strikes at the root of progress. To develop an art that is worth while we must be sincere, we must first of all be honest. We must buy pictures and furniture and fabrics because they are fine and beautiful and because they supply our needs and requirements—not because they are rare, or old, or fashionable. If we are to build a civilization which will endure, we must think for ourselves and above all be genuine and honest. So long as we put a premium on deception we shall be deceived, and until we recognize merit frankly and freely and award it justly, we cannot expect progress in art—nor advance in the artistic quality of our manufactures.

A NOTABLE GIFT

The National Gallery of Art has received a notable gift. Mr. Ralph Cross Johnson of Washington has presented to it a collection of twenty-four paintings by great masters. These paintings have been col-

lected by Mr. Johnson, who is a connoisseur of unusual astuteness, during a period of twenty or more years, and each has been acquired not merely as an example of the work of a famous painter, but on account of intrinsic interest and merit. Every one has beauty, each stands for the highest achievement as a work of art. For some time a number of these paintings have been lent by Mr. Johnson to the National Gallery at Washington and hung in the National Museum. Last May Mr. Johnson increased the loan and one gallery was set aside for the display of the twenty-four paintings which a month later he most generously deeded to the nation. It is a wonderful little collection and one which would now be very difficult as well as very costly to assemble, including works by Titian, Rubens, Reynolds, Lawrence, Raeburn, Wilson, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Rembrandt and others. There are two Guardi's hung at present to either side of the Titian, very different, but both very fine. There are two landscapes by Richard Wilson, one extraordinarily beautiful in both composition and tone. The portraits are all remarkable, but of exceeding importance is a portrait of an old Scotch gentleman by Raeburn, a marvelous piece of painting, a portrait of superlative merit. The Hogarth, portrait of a lady, is uncommonly interesting. So also is an extremely vital and virile portrait of a Dutchman by Nicholas Maes. This single room at the National Gallery gives the institution a distinction it has not previously had and should make it a place of pilgrimage for art lovers. This is a great and magnificent gift and its bestowal to the National Gallery will for all time make these pictures accessible to every one. It materially enriches the nation.

The first purchase has been made from the Ranger fund. It is a landscape by Bruce Crane and will for the present be lent to the Art Museum at Syracuse, New York. According to Mr. Ranger's will the National Gallery of Art at Washington, has the option on any painting purchased from this fund within ten years after the death of the artist.

NOTES

WAR POR- TRAITS FOR THE NATION

A National Art Committee has been formed by a group of public spirited and patriotic men and women to secure portraits painted by American artists of military, civil and religious leaders in the World War. Hon. Henry D. White (one of the Peace Commissioners) is chairman, Mr. Herbert L. Pratt of New York, secretary and treasurer, and among the members are Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Henry Frick, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, Mr. Guy Lowell and Hon. Chas. D. Walcott. There will be twenty or more portraits and the fund already underwritten is in excess of two hundred thousand dollars. Among the artists who have been given commissions and are now abroad are Cecilia Beaux, Joseph De Camp, Edmund C. Tarbell, Douglas Volk, Irving R. Wiles, M. Jean McLane, John C. Johanson, and Charles Hopkinson. The celebrities to be painted include Premier Lloyd George, Field Marshal Haig, Admiral Beatty, Premier Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, Marshal Joffre, Gen. Leman, Premier Hughes of Australia, Premier Borden of Canada, Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, Premier Orlando and Gen. Diaz, Premier Venizelos, King Albert of Belgium, King Peter and Premier Rachitch of Serbia, Queen Marie and Premier Bratiano of Roumania and a Japanese statesman not yet named, besides President Wilson, Gen. Pershing and Admiral Sims. The portraits when completed will go to the National Gallery at Washington and become a part of the permanent National Collection.

THE CLEVELAND ART MUSEUM

The Department of Colonial Art of the Cleveland Museum of Art has recently acquired an important accession through the purchase of a portrait by Robert Feke painted in 1748, the subject being Charles Apthorp, paymaster and commissary of the British land and naval forces quartered in Boston.

Another acquisition of importance comes through the gift of Mrs. John Huntington. A Roman mosaic pavement of the first century, A.D., measuring about twelve feet

square, has been installed in the Garden Court. It is one of several mosaics excavated in Rome on the site of the villa of Livia, wife of the Emperor Augustus, at Prima Porta, and the design, representing a Persian rug, was perhaps taken from one of the rugs presented to the Emperor by an embassy of Persian satraps. This pavement makes a charming setting for the Boscoreale garden ornaments presented to the Museum some time ago by Mrs. Huntington.

A Flemish tapestry of the Van Orley type woven in Brussels about 1530, the gift of Mr. J. H. Wade, is a notable addition to the Museum collection.

On June 6, 1919, the Museum celebrated the third anniversary of its opening with a meeting for members. Judge Sanders, President of the Museum, presided, and reports were given by Hermon A. Kelley, Secretary, and by Director F. Allen Whiting. Mr. MacLean, Curator of Oriental Art, and Mr. Milliken, Curator of Decorative Arts, showed slides of the most important accessions of the year; and Dean Henry Turner Bailey of The Cleveland School of Art, Advisor of the Educational Department of the Museum, spoke of the cooperation between the Museum and the Art School. The galleries and the department rooms were opened, and heads of departments were on hand to explain to the members the work of the Museum.

On June 15th the accumulative attendance for the three years passed 900,000.

INDUSTRIAL ART EXHIBITIONS

The wave of increased interest in industrial arts which is sweeping over the country was exemplified recently in the Exhibition of Handicrafts and Industrial Arts held in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, N. Y. The exhibition was under the auspices of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, Guild of Allied Arts, Buffalo Society of Artists, Buffalo Chapter American Institute of Architects, Art School, Department of Public Instruction, Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, Greater Buffalo Advertising Club and Kiwanis Club.

The entire north wing and the Sculpture Court of the Albright Art Gallery were turned over to the exhibition, the aim of

which was to show the essential relation between the arts and crafts and the higher classes of manufacturing industries. The financial responsibility for the project was assumed by the several organizations of business men.

Local work and the productions of some of the best-known craftsmen in the United States were displayed, including household furnishings, architecture, marble and mosaic work, leaded glass, mantels and grates, builders' hardware, wall papers, electric fixtures, furniture, baskets, stoves, automobile decoration, boxes, cartons and containers of all kinds, metal-ware products, lithography, printing, engraving, embossing, labels, signs, flags, banners, novelties, picture frames, mouldings, photography, brass and copper work, bookbinding, clay products and tile, screens and sculpture. Wherever possible the design was shown beside the completed article.

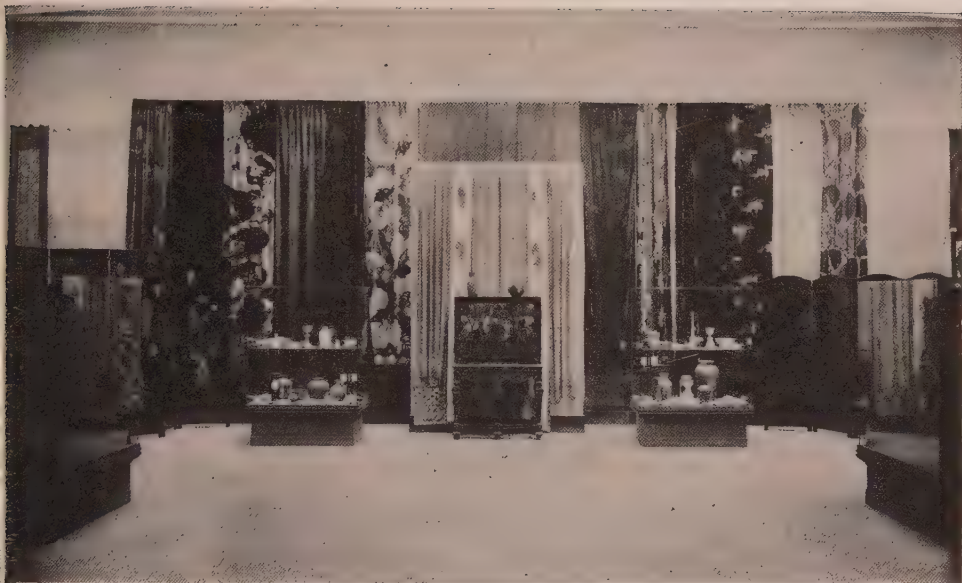
Exhibits of similar type were grouped together in separate rooms. The Sculpture Court of the Gallery was arranged as a garden with plants of various kinds making backgrounds for small statues, fountains, bird baths and garden furniture of marble and concrete. Here were designs for stained glass, for wall paper—side by side with the paper itself in several stages of printing, studies for costume silks and the fabrics themselves. In a small room beyond were gathered examples of the graphic arts.

The Art Alliance of America gave valuable assistance in collecting a large number of hand-decorated textiles, mostly batiks, which were hung on the walls of the main gallery, with many fine hand-woven fabrics, a few block prints, and large embroidered hangings.

The Art School showed designs for wall paper, black and white illustrations, lettering, jewelry, and studies for interior decoration.

The Margaret Morrison School of Pittsburgh lent a fine collection of lace work. In addition there were pieces of pottery, jewelry and handloom weaving of unusual excellence, showing close attention to the matter of technique and practicality as well as to the aesthetic qualities of the work.

In the Manufacturers' Room were shown furniture, roller-printed and hand-blocked



EXHIBITION INDUSTRIAL ART. ALBRIGHT GALLERY. BUFFALO
TEXTILE SECTION

peretones and American brocades. Domestic articles and materials of such excellent quality and design were not obtainable two years ago, showing that the standard of American manufacture has vastly improved since the war.

The Director of Art in the Public Schools and the staff of the Art School collaborated in making a most interesting display of the recent work done in the schools. The High Schools of the city sent posters and commercial photography. There were also costume designs, simple patterns for block-printing and embroidery, the costumes on which they were used, made and mounted by the pupils. From the Technical High School came specimens of printing, advertising circulars, posters, programmes, menu cards. For the first time it was learned by business men what the Buffalo schools are accomplishing with inadequate funds and equipment, and it is hoped that sufficient interest was aroused to lead to the founding of a School of Industrial Arts, with a museum for the display of the arts and crafts, the best products of American factories, and a permanent exhibition center where ideas can be exchanged between workers and designers.

Prizes of \$25 each were awarded as

follows: Guild of Allied Arts Prize for hand-decorated textiles, Ethel Wallace, New York City; Mrs. D. D. Martin prize for hand-wrought silver, George E. Germer, Mason, N. H.; Mrs. D. P. Rumsey prize for jewelry, Josephine Hartwell Shaw, Duxbury, Mass.; Guild of Allied Arts prize for lighting fixtures, Edward F. Caldwell Co., New York City; Mrs. J. J. Albright prize for woodcarving, Henry Schmitt, Buffalo; Mrs. William J. Donovan prize for enamel-work on metal, Millicent Strange Edson, Wiley, Ga.; Mrs. Frederick L. Pratt prize for embroidery adapted to interior decoration or church use, Deerfield Society of Blue and White Needlework; M. H. Birge & Son prize for wall-paper design, Beryl Fraser, Buffalo; Upson prize for stencil design to be used on Upson Board, Sophia S. Leff, Buffalo.

During the twenty-four days the exhibition was on view it was visited by 12,239 people, and when the time for closing came many expressions of regret were heard that it could not be kept open longer and sent to other cities. The opening of the gallery in the evenings gave workmen in Buffalo establishments the opportunity of studying the best in their own line, and thereby improving their own work. The

exhibition was undertaken in the belief that the period of reconstruction offers opportunities for promoting a closer co-operation between the artist, the educator, and the business man, based upon a mutual sympathy and understanding, and the stimulus of a more intelligently appreciative public.

Further evidence that the country at large is greatly interested in the promotion of industrial art is shown by the fact that an exhibition of this kind sent out by the American Federation of Arts last season was more in demand than any other exhibition circulated by the Federation.

THE HANDI-
CRAFTS OF
OUR FOREIGN
BORN

An exhibition of handicrafts of many nations was held in June in the galleries of the Art Alliance of America, 10 East 47th Street, New York. This colorful and varied display, brought together by the Art Alliance in cooperation with the Settlement houses, comprised the work of foreigners exclusively, although most of it was done in this country. Nineteen nationalities were represented.

Workers in native costumes were in the galleries, giving actual demonstrations of their crafts. A French artist-weaver was making on his loom a reproduction of a fine old Gothic tapestry. Nearby was a Ukrainian girl making bead bands and necklaces. Her needle darted at the tiny bead and speared it with the accuracy of a warbler catching midges on a leaf. There was an English lacemaker with her bobbins, fashioning a butterfly, and the bobbins moved like one. Two Italian boys were modelling bowls and vases in clay, while a jeweler with his burins was shaping silver and gold. Beyond, a Russian girl was painting wooden beads and queer shaped vases and boxes.

Everywhere was color; cloth of gold was woven before your eyes by a Swedish woman; and there were gay colored milk jugs hung on still gayer painted brackets done by Bohemians. There was rich gold and blue embroidery from China, a barbarically beautiful Korean costume, together with modern textiles, books of design and kakemono from Japan. Syrian wood carvings, two old chest fronts, lent a quieter

note that harmonized well with fine old Italian and Spanish draperies and vestments. But the dominant note was one of exuberance, nowhere better shown than in the rich display of Hungarian embroideries, where pillows, counterpanes and costumes vied with each other.

The great fact which this exhibition made plain was that we do not need to send abroad, as we have done in the past, for beautiful things made by hand. They can all be made here—embroideries, laces, tapestries, jewelry—and by men and women of the highest skill in these crafts. There are hundreds of workers like those now at the Art Alliance who can be reached, and who only need the encouragement which must come from the active interest and support of the public. The Art Alliance of America, with its organization, stands ready to facilitate this cooperation in every way.

The exhibition was further planned to draw attention to things of really good design, not necessarily made in this country, nor even of the present age, but which can be reproduced here by workers who had the necessary training before they came to this country. These well designed pieces will also serve as inspiration to raise our national standards of taste.

Some day, before long, we hope, America, will have her great industrial art schools, as every other important nation has had for years; meanwhile, it is of vast importance that we save and encourage the wonderful resources of ability that have already come to us from other lands.

ART IN
CHICAGO

The Central States Division of the Art Alliance of America (Chicago), assembled the first extensive exhibition of work of the handicapped at the Art Institute of Chicago in June. The topic for discussion at the monthly dinner was "Reconstruction, Occupational and Commercial." Charles Piez of the Shipping Board was the chief speaker, followed by men and women especially qualified to talk on this special department in industry in which the returned disabled soldiers are becoming active factors.

The offices of the Art Alliance in the Art Institute housed a creditable exhibition

which suggested extensive industries beyond the few sample articles shown. The examples of weaving, basketry, wood carving, jewelry, boxes, embroidery, modelling or sculpture, sketches and print-making, and an interesting assortment of toys some of which were intricate and original, proved that many avenues of work of a profitable character are open to patients in hospitals as well as the soldier who after learning his trade can enter the competition with others in factories.

The artistic values striving for beauty surprised everyone. One of the most encouraging notes was the evidence of the employment of instructors of experience in teaching tasteful design, and with the ambition to lead their disabled pupils in constructive occupations that were satisfying in an aesthetic way.

The State Hospitals at Elgin, the Chicago State Hospital at Dunning (for the insane), the Cook County Cheer Up Shop, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Henry B. Favill School of Occupations, and the Fort Sheridan Hospital 28 on "Occupational Therapy," were all represented by groups of exhibits. In some instances the workers revived former talents, as for example the makers of pieces of fine tapestry, and art works which the men and women had practiced at some time in their youth, and in other instances full-grown men such as those at the Fort Sheridan Hospital learned new trades as those of basketry, wood carving and detail industry in the arts of various kinds.

After leaving the Art Institute, the collection was taken to a popular up-town movie-picture house where it was well installed and viewed by many more thousands of people than came down-town to see it in the few days it was in the Art Alliance Rooms.

TOY EXPOSITION
Toy makers everywhere in the United States are invited to join in the nationwide exposition of children's playthings which will be held at the Art Institute, the Art Alliance of America (Central Division), the Armour Institute, Government Reconstruction Workers, cooperating, in December. The event was first announced in the early autumn, but owing to the

Exposition of the Foreign Born, opening August 30th, and the unexpected enthusiasm of exhibitors to enlarge the scheme, the Toy Exposition date has been set for December 4th, the holiday month when the toy and plaything spirit is abroad.

The object of the Toy Exposition is to stimulate toy making of a high order in America. It is intended to awaken an interest in the invention and designing of toys of educational as well as artistic values. The Art Alliance of America, Central States Division, hopes to bring the designer, manufacturer and market into sympathetic relations.

Already, individual toy makers in studios, as well as those of the art, industrial and manual training schools, and professional designers and manufacturers have been heard from. Every effort is being made to secure unique toys of an unusual kind, and therefore the public is invited to confer with Mrs. Louise D. Cole, Chairman of the Committee of Exhibitors, 641 Fine Arts Building, Chicago Ill., who has all the information. Games, puzzles, toys for children from babyhood to four-score and ten are looked for. There is no limitation to the ideal of a toy, so long as it entertains and encourages the imagination.

**MUSIC
FOR THE
PEOPLE**

A splendid movement, having as its object recreation of the highest order—the giving of the best music to the people, in a way and at a price conducive to popularity—was inaugurated in New York City last summer when a series of concerts of high order was given in the great stadium of the College of the City of New York. So successful did the orchestral concerts in the open air prove last year, that the original season of two weeks was extended to seven weeks, and this year the season opening June 30th will extend over eight weeks.

An orchestra composed of 80 musicians, under the direction of Arnold Volpe, has been chosen from the Metropolitan Opera House, the Philharmonic Society and the New York Symphony Orchestras. Vocal and instrumental soloists of prominence will assist on special nights, and the programs will include symphonies and symphonic works by the great masters of all

schools—Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Cesar Franck, Dvorak, Tschaiikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, Borodine, Berlioz, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Dukas, Massenet, Liszt, Moussorgsky, Glasounoff, MacDowell, Hadley, Chadwick, and others. Mondays and Thursdays will be symphony nights, Tuesdays and Fridays, operatic nights; Saturdays and Sundays, miscellaneous.

These concerts are not free, for it has wisely been deemed best to permit cooperation on the part of the public, but no seat is sold for more than one dollar, and admission is only 25 cents. The stadium seats 8,000, and as Mr. Lewisohn himself is quoted as saying—"In taking this number of people out into the open air, away from their hot homes, and giving them the world's finest music played by a large symphony orchestra, with the solos sung by the finest operatic artists available, at a reasonable admission, those who have this enterprise in charge are doing something definite to make New York a pleasanter place in which to live and work"—and are furthermore helping to democratize art, and thus lift the standard of living.

AMERICAN SILVER

There is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum an extraordinarily comprehensive and interesting exhibition of American silver. This exhibition comprises eighty-five pieces of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver lent by Francis P. Garvan, including work of the best-known silversmiths of Boston, Newport, Albany, New York and Philadelphia, and the designs of the individual pieces are in many cases typical of the style developed in those respective localities as an amalgamation of European influence and local taste.

The largest group is that of the New England makers. Of the seventeen tankards in the collection, nine were made in Boston before the middle of the eighteenth century, and of these, a good proportion exhibit the flat lid, typical of the late seventeenth or very early eighteenth century in New England. A group of five porringers shows a variety of pierced handles, the pieces being respectively by John Coney (1655-1722), Edward Winslow (1669-1753), John Noyes (1674-1749),

Samuel Edwards (1705-1762), and Paul Revere (1735-1818), while the four braziers by Jacob Hurd (1702-1758) are particularly interesting. The work of Paul Revere is shown in a pair of candlesticks, a pair of salts, a porringer, a tankard, a teapot, and a beaker.

The New York pieces, while fewer in number, are very representative in design and decoration—the tankards with their twisted thumb pieces and bands of elaborate decoration above the base moldings, two fine teapots of Dutch inspiration, one of them by Peter Van Dyke (1684-1750), a small porringer by Bartholomew Schatts (1670-1758) with a pierced handle of very unusual design, and other smaller utensils for table use. The makers' names include many well known to collectors, such as Elias Pelletreau, Myer Myers, John Moulinar, John Brevoort, Benjamin Wynkoop, and Adrian Bancker.

This loan supplements a considerable group of American silver assembled in the same gallery which includes the loan collections of the Hon. A. T. Clearwater and of R. T. Haines Halsey, as well as two cases of silver made up of individual loans and objects owned by the Museum, and is significant of the quickened interest in American industrial arts on the part both of the collectors and of the public—an interest which the Metropolitan Museum has done much to foster and to justify.

HOMELANDS EXHIBITION IN CLEVELAND

The Cleveland Museum of Art held during April an interesting Homelands Exhibit of objects from the home countries by foreign-born residents of Cleveland, gathered through the cooperation of the public schools and the public libraries and assembled in national groups, which gave undoubted evidence of the tradition of craftsmanship and love of beauty and color which are brought to America as a cultural contribution by those of European birth. The exhibit attracted much attention, remaining open through April 27th. Programs were given by groups of Czecho-Slovaks and Italians on the 13th, by Roumanians on the 20th, and by Hungarians, Lithuanians and Jugo-Slavs on the 27th. Each program included a brief address in English by a native

of the country, explaining the cultural inheritance brought by those coming from this country to make their home in America. Singing of national music by choruses and dancing by groups in costume completed the programs, which were intended to show the use made of these forms of amusement and to encourage their continuation.

The scope of the exhibit is indicated by the fact that articles from the following countries were included: Armenia, Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Lithuania, Moravia, Norway, Poland, Roumania, Russia, Scotland, Serbia, Slovakia, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria, Turkey and Wales.

NEVINSON'S An exhibition of etchings and lithographs by C. R. ETCHINGS AND W. Nevinson, comprising LITHOGRAPHS his work as an official artist of the British Government, and other subjects, was held in the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Company, New York, in May. The introduction to the catalogue, from which we make the following quotations was written by Mr. Albert E. Gallatin:

"Mr. Nevinson has always been thoroughly alive and intensely interested in all the newer manifestations of art. Impressionism at first claimed his attention, then Cubism and its geometric formula, Expressionism and Futurism. Out of all these teachings and theories and influences he has evolved a style which might be described as a compromise between Futurism and illustration. His art is always dynamic and concerned with synthesis and abstraction. Pattern and design are also vital matters in his art.

"Mr. Nevinson was a motor mechanic and ambulance driver in Flanders the first year of the war; afterwards he was with the French army as an hospital orderly. In July, 1917, he was appointed one of the official British artists. Mr. Nevinson has thus seen the war from many and varied angles. It has always been his endeavor to get at the truth: his pictures are entirely free from all music-hall and journalistic heroics. Soldiers, I believe, are unanimous in their praise of these pictures, saying that they depict the very soul of the war.

"The artist has done considerable flying

and his paintings of aeroplanes are really remarkable. In such a lithograph as the swooping on a Taube the speed of the plane is rendered in a marvelous manner; the rhythm and swinging motion that he gets into columns of marching men is also very wonderful.

"From his dazzling paintings Mr. Nevinson has executed lithographs and drypoints of great distinction. Working in these mediums, he has also made many equally engaging compositions of subjects not connected with the war. He is a drypointer possessing considerable skill and a lithographer who gets a beautiful lithographic quality into his drawings."

BOSTON MUSEUM

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts expects shortly to place on exhibition in the Corridor of Drawings the Henry C. and Martha B. Angell Collection of Paintings. Dr. Angell was one of the group of men inspired by William Morris Hunt and his associates with a love for the French art of half a century and more ago. The collection was bequeathed to his wife at his death in 1911, and in 1916 Mrs. Angell executed a deed of gift by which the forty paintings became the property of the Museum. Among these paintings are a number of Corot and Daubigny landscapes, a portrait of Lady Caroline Ponsonby by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Millet entitled "Les Regrets," and a painting of a lady by Alfred Stevens called "The Attentive Listener." The collection will be shown later in the English, French and American Galleries in connection with other paintings of these schools. It is a valuable acquisition.

A Memorial Exhibition of water-color paintings by the late Frederic Crowninshield was held some weeks ago at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Crowninshield was Instructor in Painting with Otto Grundemann in the School of the Museum from 1879 to 1885, and later (1909-1911) Director of the American Academy in Rome. One of the paintings shown, entitled, "Capri Cliffs," has been purchased by Harvard classmates of the artist and presented to the Museum. It is now hung in the Water-color Room with

other examples of Mr. Crowninshield's work previously purchased.

Mr. Henry Preston Rossiter, of Toronto, Canada, has accepted the position of Assistant Curator of the Department of Prints. Mr. Rossiter is a graduate of Trinity College, University of Toronto, of the class of 1909, and for two years thereafter was an instructor in languages at Upper Canada College. He brings to his task capacities trained by a long familiarity with prints, of which he has been a devoted student and collector since his boyhood.

TOWN PLANNING IN NEW ZEALAND

Particulars are to hand of a Town Planning Conference held in May in Wellington, N. Z., under the direction of the Department of Internal Affairs. Mr. S. Hurst Seager (F.) acted as Hon. Organizing Director. Town development in the Dominion still suffers from the lack of proper legislation, and the first subject brought before the Conference was a paper on the need of an efficient Town-Planning Act. The means of securing permanent organizations for town-planning education and advancement were also discussed. It was aptly pointed out in the official circular announcing the conference, that the thousands of soldiers returning home, who had seen some of the beauties of England and France, would not be content to settle down "in the scattered shacks and inconvenient cottages which have done duty as 'homes,' and the ugly collections of disfigured stores and buildings which have done duty as 'villages.'" The exhibition in connection with the Conference was intended to be illustrative of every branch of town-planning activity, and exhibits were drawn from all parts of the Dominion. Competitions on town-planning subjects were also held, and these included designs for a garden city, a garden suburb, civic improvement, workers' homes, and photographs of civic beauty contrasted with civic ugliness.

ITEMS

The Cincinnati Art Museum is holding its annual exhibition of contemporary work by American artists. The exhibition opened in May and will continue practically all summer.

At the Public Library, New York, will be seen three notable exhibitions during the summer season; one comprising 600 war posters gathered from all parts of the world and acquired in many interesting ways; the second, "Illustrated Books of the Past Four Centuries"; the third, "Recent additions" to the print collection. The last includes much American work, especially lithographs and book plates, and a number of Japanese prints. Two noteworthy etchings are "Amiens Cathedral" by the late Aug. Lepere and Wenzel Hollar's "Antwerp Cathedral" (1649).

The Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists closed at the Detroit Museum of Art June first. The following works were sold during the exhibition: "Boy in Blue," by Frank W. Benson, "June," by Helen M. Turner, "Woman and Child," by Marie Danforth Page, "The Blue Gown," by Frederick C. Frieseke, "In the Country," by Leon Kroll, and two bronzes by Elie Nadelman, entitled "Wounded Stag" and "Resting Stag." The works of Kroll, Frieseke, and Nadelman will remain in the permanent collection of the Museum.

The following exhibitions have been arranged for the season of 1919 at the Print Room of the Jesup Memorial Library, Bar Harbor, which was founded in 1915 by Mr. A. E. Gallatin, who is the Director.

July 21st to August 1st: The permanent collection of prints.

August 4th to 16th: Exhibition of contemporary sculpture, including examples by Elie Nadelman, Paul Manship, Dujam Penic, Eleanor Mortimer, Hunt Diederich, and Gertrude V. Whitney.

August 18th to 28th: Recent paintings by Max Kuehne.

August 29th to September 5th: Water-colors by W. H. de B. Nelson and etchings and lithographs by C. R. W. Nevinson.

The Library of Congress at Washington is desirous of obtaining for its permanent collection photographs of works by American painters and sculptors, architects and craftsmen. Some such photographs reach the Print Division through the operation of the copyright law, not many, and some

of the best are not copyrighted. The Library desires to keep as complete a pictorial record as possible of the work of American artists as a matter of historical record and for purposes of reference, and to this end solicits and will greatly appreciate the cooperation of the artists. Photographs so sent should be addressed to the Print Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

A collection of 1,600 paintings of wild flowers of this country, Canada, Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria, by Mrs. Lucy Stratton, was recently shown in Erie, Pa. The collection represents the work of twenty-five years, during which time Mrs. Stratton has studied with well-known painters both in this country and abroad. It was her love of flowers caused her to specialize in this line, and the collection, which is said to be both artistic and instructive, has been willed to the Library of Congress at Washington.

The Rhode Island School of Design has recently acquired for its collection, the portrait by Charles Sidney Hopkinson of his little daughter, which, when shown in the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition of 1915, was awarded the Carol H. Beck prize given for "the best portrait in oil in the exhibition." It is an excellent and unusual work, and the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design is to be heartily congratulated upon its acquisition.

This Museum has also been fortunate in recently acquiring, through purchase, a painting by Cecilia Beaux, "Brittany Girl, Hammercke."

The Montclair, New Jersey, Art Museum is showing as a summer exhibition a collection of paintings by the artists of Montclair and vicinity.

Among the artists living in Montclair and vicinity are Frederick Ballard Williams, Thomas R. Manley, Charles Warren Eaton, William J. Baer and Henry Rankin Poore, all of whom are represented in the exhibition by several important canvases.

Two of Mr. Eaton's most important canvases are "Palais du France, Bruges" and "Pont Cheval, Bruges," charming bits of that beautiful old town in pre-war days.

BOOK REVIEWS

ROBBIA HERALDRY. BY ALLAN MARQUAND, Professor of Art and Archæology in Princeton University. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.

The Princeton University Press has just issued this monograph on Robbia Heraldry, the third of a series by Prof. Allan Marquand. The two previous were *Della Robbia in America* and *Lucca della Robbia*.

As Professor Marquand says in the introduction to this beautiful volume, a much neglected series of Robbia monuments are the coats of arms, which are found on altarpieces and other monuments, or set up as memorials of office on the Communal Palaces of many Italian towns. These coats of arms not only throw light upon the activities, religious and political, of many aristocratic families of Tuscany, but with them are associated dated inscriptions, which assist us in fixing the period of undated monuments. Robbia Heraldry, as a special department of a broader Italian Heraldry, is specifically Tuscan, and limited to the productions of a school of artists who worked almost entirely in glazed terra cotta.

This monograph, Professor Marquand tells us, was not written as a contribution to heraldry, but inasmuch as it represents coats of arms not recorded in such a corpus as Crollanza's *Dizionario storico-blasonico delle famiglie Italiane* and in many instances records variations therefrom, it should (and does) have some importance for the student of heraldry. It was intended as (and is) an aid to the history of Italian art.

In his studies preparatory to the issuance of this volume Professor Marquand was assisted by his friend, Rufus G. Mather, who resides in Florence and has devoted much time and energy to the discovery of documents which in many cases have proved to be invaluable. Mr. Mather is publishing the results of his investigations in Italian periodicals while Professor Marquand is utilizing them in these Princeton monographs.

This volume is uniform in size and binding with the others of the series. It is a book of 302 pages with a bibliography and index and is elaborately illustrated.

Turning the pages casually one finds a

favorite Madonna belonging now to the National Museum at Florence, which was originally made for a guild of stone masons and wood carvers and for this reason bears on the base of the frame four medallions containing the four emblems of the guild—the square, the axe, the hammer and the trowel. Andrea della Robbia served, we are told, more than thirty times on the council of this guild, three times as Syndic and once as Treasurer. By the same artist a rectangular panel picturing the Annunciation bears the arms of Andrea di Giovanni del Cappa. The arms of the Ginori family are supported by a winged putto which resembles the "bust of a boy," in the Florentine National Gallery.

There is a charm, a grace, a joyousness and beauty about all of these panels bearing the insignia of the aristocratic Florentine families that is very engaging and which in comparison makes the art of today seem a bit clumsy and a bit unnecessarily serious, yet this work was all originally in fayence.

This scholarly and delightful work lays all art lovers under obligations to Professor Marquand, his collaborator, Mr. Mather, and the Princeton University Press.

YUCATAN SCENES AND SOUNDS.

An Address by Albert Kelsey, F.A.I.A., delivered before The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia. Published simultaneously with the proceedings of the Society.

This little book which is both unique and of extraordinary interest gives an account of a visit to Yucatan by Mr. Albert Kelsey, the well-known architect of Philadelphia, who in collaboration with Professor Paul P. Cret, designed the Pan-American Buildings and their general garden lay-out in Washington. The purpose of the trip was to obtain ideas to be used in the embellishment and completion of the Pan-American garden at Washington and this purpose was, the reader will find, fully accomplished. The result of the trip is, or is to be, a wonderful fence enclosing the sunken garden designed by Mr. Kelsey from Yucatanian motives and executed in pottery which has every appearance of jade. Joseph Bass, sculptor, and J. H. Dulless Allen, potter, have collaborated. The color is turquoise blue

with antique finish and with a touch of emerald and amethyst and here and there in the high lights suggestions of red and gold. A royal fence and a triumphant work in pottery. Mr. Kelsey does not describe according to the wont of most travelers, the appearance and characteristics of Yucatan but gives instead a wonderful transcription of the atmosphere of the place—atmosphere produced by light and sound as well as color and form and dependent in a measure upon climatic conditions. The story reads almost like an Arabian Nights tale, but in the "jade" fence at the Pan-American Union the magician's dream will be given tangible form. Aladdin rubbed his lamp; the genie has been obedient.

The Library of Congress has just received a communication from the American Ambassador at London, enclosing a note from the Foreign Office, which is self-explanatory:

"Earl Curzon of Kedleston present his compliments to the United States Ambassador and, with reference to His Excellency's Note No. 301 of the 28th ultimo, has the honor to inform him that orders have been given by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the selection of a representative series of photographs from all available sources, in particular any that show United States cooperation with His Majesty's Naval Forces.

"Forcign Office. London, S. W. 1. 27th May, 1919."

Thus, owing to the courtesy of the British Government, the Library will come into possession of an unexampled collection of graphic records of the deeds of the naval forces of Great Britain and the United States.

The Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, at Washington, has just issued as Bulletin, No. 43, a paper by Prof. Walter Sargent, Professor of Art Education at the University of Chicago, on "Instruction in Art in the United States." The paper deals with art instruction in elementary schools, in high schools, in universities and in professional schools.